Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 47

Emanon

There was a voice in all their heads saying- ‘The annual slaying of children under the age of ten, is up and you or someone you know will be killed for our Gods, don’t fear, you will linger in the prophecies.’ You well all be marched around bare in the ceremony and disassembled, and your blood give back to the dark lord, we been doing this for centuries, as barbaric as it seems we do not stay from traditions, 100 young ladies' tonight well see there last day with us… sleep well girls, the blood runs over the graveyard like a red river to keep the dark magic real- and lasting.

A lot of the girls were thinking that they were going to die virgins, there were cries all around, about not ever finding the one, and even thinking about school work of all things, in the moments of their last hours, or what could be. Dr. Mccune said as they were marking around in the nude for his examinations- ‘You’re a strong independent woman, you don’t need some man to slop and flop on you!’

One girl asked- ‘like- how do you fail an examination like this, when it's nothing but slaughter the youth?’ Dr. Mccune- He tapped Sam on the chest and made an x on her hand saying- ‘you're up

for final death.’ Sam was one of the new girls who were not even there a week, and already she was up for more death than what she had already faced.

…And then there was Naddalin lost in a trance- in all the commotions, lots in her thoughts a million miles away- or so it seemed. ‘Someone made a prophecy about Ava And me?’ She muttered. That is what brought this to mind… remembering that their life would linger in a crystal ball.

She- said quietly, gazing at Lucius Mallerie, her fingers tightening over the- warm glass sphere in her hands. It was hardly larger than a Snitch and still

gritty with dust, she was looking back on a life that she now did not understand.

Even though all that, and the young girls running about losing their minds, she made young girl Sam, come, and get it for her, to look inside over the fact her eyesight was not what it used to be now aging 20 years or so-o, she looked around and said- ‘nothing here really changes- just the faces and the names, yet it, all the same, all the same.’

‘Why couldn’t she- get it yourself?’ Some whispered.

Old and crazy… they said, along with saying- ‘and to think she was a teacher here.’

‘Get it for her she has more money than God!’ said Emma, who was not liking the comments, and the age of 33 or so-o. As far as Nevaeh inside Naddalin, she lost count of age, it was just a number and like life to her at this point, it did not matter, a cackle of mad laughter over she whispers- to the children, that was not even listening to her, and her wisdom.

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The- Dark Lord, walk into the- Bureau of Magic when they are so sweetly ignoring his return to power over Naddalin, and even the girls, and the mother too. Yet, Naddalin is still lost in her mind of defeated to realize, the war may be over… even though thought hunting thoughts of the girls linger in the shared mind of Nevaeh forever, and cannot be suppressed, she feels that she will never be whole again…

The- Dark Lord, reveal herself in a transformation, of all the killing of the young girls to make her new and evil wicked body assemble- of being Mazel, and the war has just begone!

Portion

‘Very good, particularly good…’ said Mallerie just to mount on a flying horse, to spread the word of all the stuttering.’ You are wasting their time with my dear cousin, they no longer care to know, it not humane to them, like they have all going soft- in this mysterious world?’

Naddalin- Nonetheless, the- Dark Lord knows you are not united- ’NOW!’ yelled Naddalin you must make your presence known as always- don’t you? And put fear into all the minds around the land!

The bullets fly past them- from the Dark- Lord's military, along with a blast of the hunting horns, marking all the death of the youth, that was taken so they all go could keep thriving…

‘So, she has you doing the dirty work for her, as always-?’ Said Naddalin, looking over the mass graves and the hooded being’s in black, along with their glowing white faces, with their grim reaper blades, glistening in the lowering moonlight- making along with the chimes of the bell tower the don of death at 3 AM, now just dripping with the young sweet virgin blood of young girls.

‘Like she- tried to get Sturgis to steal, them all away in a promise- over her newfound the power of money that is a worthless as she is, to keep me from me returning; however, she is too dumb, simple and only plain retarded to ever do that!’ Said the new Lord of power over all-dark and magical, even their minds, she was in all their heads- screaming. … SCREAMING!!!

Five different voices behind her bellowed, ‘Retard!’ Their eyes now white all rolled in the back of their heads as if in orgasm at once, they have all turn their backs on the one that would save them from her, yet they have no clue who she

is… yet they think they know me- hush children, she said- in a mutter, yet they still mocked her, for hushing them, they were possessed by her- and she was rapping their minds clear of all thoughts- and placing heat down on them to turn them away from the one that would save them from- loss of mind, body- and even spirit alike.

Five curses flew in five different directions… and the unfair rounds began, between the girl named Naddalin- holding in the memories of Nevaeh lost inside, and the returned Dark Lord. And in opposite them shattered as they hit- beams of powers, like that they were both

teleported to the graveyard were, The-towering structure, that was the love of her life now rotting and decayed- yet missing it prized ball in hand, now was convinced that if all were placed in the hands and then shatter, to end all memories and time, Naddalin would crack and surrender herself to her, and all the souls of the girls in the land would be nothing but lost like shattered glass in the wind, a hundred glass spheres burst apart, thought the lustrous browned figures, magically they unfurled into the-air, representing all that has been whipped away, and Naddalin was the blame.

The Dark Lord had control of all memories- lost in crystal balls, like the one that bright Nevaeh back to life in a new body as Naddalin. …And to her, they could all be wasted, just if she were the only one to last forever, by killing them off for the blood and the energy. And floating she was, losing to her straight, their voices yelling, long-dead was the body of Emma underneath, whom to the Dark Lord betrayed her, and made her into the crumbling tower she always was. Streams of power, like lightning bolts, past amongst them, with the- rush of crashing glass, where the bones of the girl arose from the grave, turning to dust in a swirl- and were sucked into the Dark

Lords mouth and gulped down, to be turned into shit, all out of odium, sparks- wiping around them, as time pulled and distorted, and her body was now growing, stronger- with the long-lost body parts of the enemies inside- making the new evil soul.

And splintered wood of the dark forest cracked, fractured, broken, and mooned, canopies and falling leaves, and sticks, raining down upon the- grass floor- ash field the air, ‘RUN!’ Naddalin yelled, as the lives swayed in the balances of her hands- to give herself up to her, precariously and yet more glass spheres began to fall from above, represent the

lives she was responsible now for killing, all the blood now covering her hands of the girl that she thoughts she saved.

She- the Dark Lord, has now detained the novel Emmah or 33 years of age in the renaissance, by making her appear out of thin air, to join her party- of, pestering, Naddalin wiping behind Emmah’s ceremonial dress, and dragged it forwards as she had no far of her, holding one arm over the head as chunks of glass with thought her body- and shards thundered down upon them both. Sorrow Devourer, guzzlers of decease lunged forwards through the- a cloud of dust, pulling at them and taunting even

more… and Naddalin started to elbow some of them hard in the- disguised faces.

And then just like that snapped out of the reality- that never really was a reality- in the first place, they were all kinds of yelling, there where cries of pain, and thunderous crashes.

Teleporting in the hit of power, and now lost within the school libraries, of long corridors of shelves that seemed never end, they started to collapse upon themselves as all and everyone was running for their lives, weirdly fragments of the- Prophets unleashed from there spheres, and all rushed in the mind of the Dark Lord, giving her the mind power of

them all, and the body power of ten men. Naddalin found the- way ahead making the clearing of the books flying about and smoldering paper or ash, and saw Jinger, Jill, and Danna sprint past her, and then grabbing her hand, their arms over their heads.

Falling wooden antique parts of shelves, struck her on the- side of her- face, and frame, but she- merely ducked her head and sprinted onwards; hand in hand, even if caught, by flying fragments, her closest girlfriends by her- shoulder; yet she was still shouting out for Emmah, ‘amazing!’ Her- hands released her at once; they were at the- end of the 66th

row; all 6 made it away, and the evil scrams of her were shattering, to all eardrums.

There was one more… Naddalin turned right and began to sprint in solemn; she- could hear footsteps right behind, thinking the worst, then the hearing of Emmah's voice urging Neville on; the seventh girl, that was straggling along… then straight ahead, the- door through which they had come was ajar; Naddalin could see she- glittering light of the- bell that she was looking for magically it rolled into her hands- as she called it to do- the safest place she thought it could be; she- stormed through

the- doorway, the- prophecy still clutched tight and safe in her hands held to gather as if praying, and waited for the- others to hurtle over her in the- threshold before slamming the- door behind- looking all the horror behind them ‘Collaborates!’ gasped Emmah, and the- door sealed itself with an odd squelching noise.

Portion

‘Where- where are the- others?’ Gasped Naddalin.

‘Don’t mind that now, lest get you safe…’

Just like that as they ran, parts of the castle started crumbling to rubble ash

behind them, like the bride behind them and the passage in-witch they took to get where they ran too.

She- had thought Jinger, Danna, and Jill where ahead of them, that they would be waiting in the room, but there was nobody there, they somehow were now behind, as if time were pulling them backward, and thought the ash, dust, and smog, they saw the glow of the seven young girls faces, and the tips of fingers holding to the edges, of the remanding structures.

‘They must have gone, past us,’ Jinger said in a confused way! Then whispered Emmah, now in complete and

total terror facing them, that they would not make it, as she was looking on to them all and trying to pull them along.

‘Listen!’ whipped Neville.

Footsteps and shouts called out from behind the- door they had just sealed with all their bodies pressed up agent even if in fear; Naddalin put her ear close to the- door to listen and heard Lori Mallerie roar,’ ‘Leave, leave her,’ I say – the doors blasted open with mighty force… as if a bomb when off, and along with that the military war marching in on them for all seraphim’s- med-evil weapons drawing at this girl that was younger than them all.

The injuries will be nothing to the- Dark Lord, compared to losing that prophecy- that the others were trying to protect, that was now thrown into her hand for safe keep, as even Naddalin was running for her life to helping the others, left to defend for herself was this young girl, trust here was not even thought about- in the hast, that this girl could just hand it over to save her skin- as she creeps ever so close to her in an evil fashion that was chilling to all the observed, in all ways she felt dead- even if she was already, in a fetal passion whimpering and head tucked, overtop the glowing crystal, that was reflecting the life of a girl, they all heraldry new, yet felt

they had no choice to save- over the fact she was the girl who existed.

‘You girl come back here!’ It was scrammed.

‘…We need to organize!’ The grouping thought and aligned unanimously. And just like that in this girl of incoherent chants, of burbling, vanished in thin air.

‘We’ll split into pairs and search, for this girl- what’s her name.’ And do not forget, be gentle with her and, and more importantly the prophecy, it already has seen far too many damages.

‘Like you…’ one of them said.

Until we have the- prophecy, she can kill anyone of us at any given time- just thinking about it- ripping thought or bodies and taking over them, as I said, I am a week and cannot stopper her- and she in my head firmer than ever before.

It so varies necessarily that you find professor Sellatrix, and professor Rodolpho's- to make potions to make me less apt to feel her side-effects, if you take the- left passageway down the tallest sprier of the castle; find their offices, 'run- do so now.' Go right girl- and you may just find yourself- lost in long passages that you never get out of, and is also the forbidden parts of the castle; also, where

they have crazies, nuts, and the convicted- to be finalized- death row, locked in chains; you may never find yourself out, they may take you for an escapee and try to final kill you. Yet if you take this traiteur pathway, you will get there a lot faster. The- door straight ahead opened on its own, looking downwards was a spiraling run of steps seemed to be never-ending, dizzying, fainting feeling, along with totally disorientating.

Naddalin said- ‘come with me,’ as she made the first step!’

‘What do we do?’ Emmah asked Naddalin, trembling from head to foot.

‘So-o we all make the first step and fall the 333 feet to other doors, therefore this has been amended, most blow-chunks the first time.’

…And that is what they did, screaming till the hit the bottom and maximum velocity, till the hit- below, just inches, and halting noses just 3 inches from the ground all 6 were looking at cawing infested, and cobweb-laced, cobblestone-covered in a thick coating of soot, dust, grime and dirt, skulls, and shrunken heads everywhere…

‘Let us get away from the door.’ Naddalin said in a hast.

‘Well, do not just stand there waiting for them to find us, let us run for it,’ said Naddalin.’ They ran as quietly as they could- flickering gas lamps dimly let the way on the stone walls- as the went down the death row block, they were trying not to grab the attention of those in their dungeons- that looked to be dripping with ooze- as their chins rattled yet- they babbled, along with making hacking-up sounds of discussing vomit, and they were mooning out for help- in between the gaging of the feelings of purgatory, no-names- also known as (Emanon’s) they had at this point just numbers of being lost to the next move down the inferno,

you could see in number plats on the large iron bar- cell-doors.

Then past the- homering glowing green jars of fetuses, lining the shelves of the passageways, of long corridors. and- the tiny egg was bobbing in the glass- blinking at them, ‘mothers kill’ said Naddalin to the others that were mortified… along with saying a moment later, ‘in abortions, this is where they come to die…’

Some looked as if they were hatching inside, as they- the girls, were so freaked out they ran towards the- exit, on what seems like a never-ending tight tunnel, then into the- circular-like

hallway, with stain-glass arched windows following along, which made multi-colored, shadows of dancing light rays on the hallway, at the- far end of the- room- ramping downwards as they went. In too yet, more long passageways, that linked to the- teachers' corners. They were there when Naddalin heard something large and heavy collide with the- last and final door, Emmah had charmed shut.

After all that, they finally found the two professors they were looking for and they were all asked into their teachers' studies, where they made the position that they needed, to keep the Dark Lord out of their minds if only for a

brief time. altogether they said a ritual, with their wonders, held hands and cast a spell and they vanished to and another place, now standing between the empty rows of an empty classroom!’ said in a rough voice.’

(Almora,) They said as they cast the spell…

Portion

As the door flew open, Naddalin, Emmah, and Neville dived under desks- it was here, all evil and wings spread looking to suck the life out of every soul in the room, that was on their side. Additionally, the fights between morals

and evil took place as they did over a century ago.

They could see she- both of the- two Demise Eaters robes drawing close nearby adjacent and nearer, there floating moving rapidly. You might have run straight through to the- halls of halls and passage-ways of passageways,' said she- rough voice, along with saying- 'just to stop me yet you will NEVER-EVER-EVER!' Some if not most were tucked under their- desks,' said another- 'oh, yes- but she will, and if not her, us too along with her.'

Naddalin saw the- undulating bodies of the- Demise Eaters bend;

pointing the wands out from under the- desk, they- shouted, (STUFAIRIE!) …They all shouted, why? …To mobilize them, and fad- into vanishing them to another place, outside their realm- of time, space, and the same place they were all at.

Then a jet of inflamed red light hit the- nearest Demise Eater; she- fell backward into a granddaddy clock and knocked it over; the- second Demise Eater. However, had leaped aside to avoid Naddalin's spell, she cast and was pointing her wand at Emmah- who received it, that now was crawling out from under the- desk, as a pussy-cat. The wand dropped, and she scampered off, as

Naddalin got repositioned to get a better aim. (Avada,) she said- as the beam of the spell was cast fast than the speed of light.

Naddalin launched herself across the- floor and grabbed the- Demise Eater around the- waist, causing her to collapse and she aims to go awry. Neville overturned a desk in the nervousness, edginess, jumpiness, and uneasiness to help, and pointing the wand enthusiastically, wild like, at the- struggling pair, she- cried out: (EXLLARMPIEUS!)

(AMATAPLYUS,) WAS CALLED OUT BY, Neville- and now there were two Naddalins as if cloned. Both Naddalin’s

and the- Demise Eater’s wands flew out of their hands, and now it was a fair fight though, Neville, as her thoughts were read, by everyone rears her, including- YOU, KNOW WHOM!

‘CUTE’ was the thoughts given back as if mockery- most definitely contemptuous, scornful, and condescending. Now ripped out of the body of Naddalin was the stinginess of just a lost hang- dangling emotion web out of the mind- of Naddalin, of Nevaeh, now cast in a ball, as- the Dark Lord, was winning- as it was just them now left- now both transported in her round… at this moment, Naddalin- flew back towards the-

entrance a week Naddalin at that now having her mind-wiped of all that was a lingering soul within, to the- Hall of Prophecies; wherein a swopping swirl, all the crystals on the shives were jumbled in the air like a coordinated dance and left to find new homes on the shive before them. Now saying- ‘now you do as I had to find your life- and soul and get it back.’

Now, both scrambled to their feet and charged at each other, the- Demise Devourer in front- sucking yet more love and memories out of her head, and replacing them with nothing but pain and the feelings of death and dying- and the feeling of flames licking her body,

Naddalin hot on her heels- was giving all she had to fight back, and Neville brought up the- rear, purely terrified, frightened, and entirely petrified by what she- had observed, perceived, and witnessed.

‘Get out of the way, Naddalin!’ Yelled Neville, clearly determined to repair the- damage, and the cat eyes- glowing glass green, we are looking at them in the dark shadows- as just a hint of light was cast on them, far- far in the back of the room, sheepish- and timed- pawing the floor was Emmah, just looking for someone to turn her back into a girl.

Naddalin flung herself sideways as Neville took aim again and shouted:

(STUPEFY!)

Moreover, then just like that, at that moment at that time, at that very place, a jet of red light flew right over the- Demise Devourer’s shoulder and hit a frosted glass- cabinet, on the- wall full of variously shaped hourglasses; the- cabinet fell to the- floor.

All the sands of time- lost- of the minds, that were thought to be most invaluable it was their ashes, of their past life, that filter down the funnel, and legend had it, that when all were depleted, this world would end, and now time was going to be altered.

Those like professor McDermott, yet individuals, that can afford burial are placed here, and sport apart, was all glass now flying everywhere, sprang back up onto the wall, fully mended, then fell again and horrified; more destruction that could never- ever be replaced.

The- Demise Devourer had snatched up the wand- that was Emmah's, which lay on the- floor beside the- glittering glass, among the ash.

Naddalin ducked down behind another desk as she- turned- to face the evil- now blazing body- licked by hells flames of the Dark Lord- flaying up in the air in great speed, to attack her flanges,

hands with claws, looking as they could rip; a masked face slithered ever so-o inches into hers- and then tilted, with an evil grin of- I will slay you!

So, close she- could not see anything other than wild wicked fire-engine-red eyes- sit deep in a pale white face, only having the small over her dying breath. She- ripped, off a scream that shattered all the glass and windows all around, within the castle and the nearby villages of the towns. Now with free hands, Naddalin was strangling her back, and shouted: ‘STUP-’ (STUPEFY!) …Then screamed Emmah, who had just caught

up with them, after the spell wore off- after 30 or so minutes.

A jet of red light hit the- Demise Devourer in the middle of the chest: making them fall to nothing but ash, froze in her movement was Naddalin, her arms still raised- to the skies above, the ceiling of the room blasted off showing the graying skies above- now poring sheets of rain down on everything, evil expressions - steak in the lightning bolts, around and hitting the Dark Lord, as she was going for the slaying and slaughter.

Linked together now by wands- blue to red- making purple, they rise and fall wings in flight- flapping, and spread

and forced upwards by the energy, then falling to the- floor- with a thud, with a clatter, and the- collapsing of Naddalin's stuck wings, she flies backward towards all the others who are whispering in huddles, in the back of the classroom.

Portion

Naddalin expected to hear a dunk this, from the- man that was the head of positions- and dark arts, that was to keep the Dark Lord out of her head, yet that was wishful thinking- no at this point it was just an empty mason jar, she was also dreaming to think that she was hitting something like solid glass underneath her sore tired body that was all cut up and

broken in places, also, neither at this point was going to be a reality, he slides her- jar rolling it on the- floor.

‘Try to dust-up as much of their life’s as you can- with your hands- their life’s now running through her fingers, of why she was the girl who existed and not them,’ then in trying so, but instead there was a gust of wind cast by the now weekend Dark Lord, and all that was them- was now just dust in the wind- blowing- away to only be that memory left of them in their minds, Naddalins- head sank to her knees, as she felt less than heroic.

What was leftover was- was a mixture of all, that was adored, cherished, and treasured, now defiled by the Dark Lords- gains- and Naddalin- holding the now lost life of Naveah was the blame for it all, this was the punishment. All the ash of the beloved was just glittering to the outward, and though her hands and pilling overtop her wand, most escaping from around the rim of the jar, and into the craves of the wood plank flooring and lost in the winds around.

Naddalin- came to rest, laying by one of the crystal-ball, on the floor not at all sprawled out more like cuddled around it, hoping she found the right one, when

asked to do so-o, holding the life of her past life, the life of a girl that should never be forgotten… or said to be a legend, that she was the one that lived- or as she always felt, only to exist.

Naddalin's beam of power still the strongest, yet all seven of them with the stems of power, linking together were cast heavily to back her down, to the point of vanishing in a moment of feeling shamed defeat, of losing the fight- the Dark Lord off lost to everyone in this world, and they had no idea where she would pop up next- that was the scariest part of her silence, now more wicked than

ever before- and unpredictable of feeling conquered.

Now sitting at a desk and her back pressed on the wooden set, she placed the jar on the table, along with half her mind lying inside the ball. With the hopes she was right when asked to choose, she looked down to amazement it was next to the jar, color swirled through it, it was full of names showing in whipping scrolling text- then moving frames and visions of the past playing out… the past of the girl's life; we all know as- Nevaeh, the girl that existed, she has somehow found the right one.

The only thing now to do was place her back into her body of Naddalin to live on… Yet, she was not sure how this would work, if she would like more like Naddalin or more like Naveah this time around, it was like a rebirth, she flicked her wand over the ball! And Emmah cried nonstop if this were to go wrong, they both could be lost and left to be ash.

Naddalin’s wand flew into a dark corner, along with her, and her dark wings clasped around her body now nude and transforming itself- back into the evil angel she was formerly to the attacks, she looked like a bird that was wounded knocked out of the flight. Then into the

hands of Emmah, she lay the only covering over her body is the black feathery wings of her body, around her singing her like a hug, and the ball in front of her face glowing, cuddling into her lap, Emmah running her fingers through her hair, hoping for the best…

-And-

Then marvelously in those times of them all feeling hopeless, a surprising-unpredicted, unanticipated, unforeseen, and startling moment her eyes light up blue, and flow open wildly full of life… It was her- all over again- yet as if she were 14 like the day she passed.

Portion

‘Thanks,’ she- said. ‘Right, let us get out of here now, we need to hide you!’

‘I am not going to hind, that’s all I have done all my life… and why should I?’ ‘Look out!’ said Neville, horrified. She- was staring at the- Decease Feeder’s head just- shuffles- and creeps in front of her.

All seven of them raised their hands another time- feeling a moment of freedom- and triumph, taking flight- they all razed in flight- and then teleported to a safe-spot on a beach, none of them collided this time as they run down on to the black, with the blue-green glowing

waters at their bare feet- light only by the oversized moon, with that they were safe…

They were off to see Professor Mr. Suebur Dirgah who lived in a straw hut, with a girl extremely white pail elf named Mildred Mcguire, pink eyes, and had the personality of that of a bunny rabbit, that she sometimes would transform into, as a pet. They were all gazing, open-mouthed, in his doorway shocked to see him, and what had happened to them- this man's head as big as all of them combined- after all he was a long white bearded giant.

(Back, the girls that witnessed.)

It… she… her… was shrinking very fast her body then, growing bolder and Threadbare, like the web that was once all that was left of Nevaeh, just fibers of the mind, and one's soul, grown like a fetus, as if making a new taking on the experience of a baby growing in labor in fast motion, made whole once more, in the open, her black hair stubble retracting out of her head of the skull that was also like to girls head coming together to make one body; the cheeks becoming smooth- and she was a toddler now then child then adolescent, the skull round and full, the face we know and love, yet covered with a peach-like fuzz- her body was covered with it- light blond, that

would bush away to leave smooth glowing skin, reviling a Goddess fallen angle, as said looking like the day she did when she passed on earth when she was fourteen.

Back when on Earth she did not have a wand over the fact they do not work on Earth and magic outside this world is- well forbidden, just like at one-time love was forbidden too.

Then it was reviled, in the jar of ash, was left… of them all- here and the girls too- what looked a baby's head smocking and shriveled up- on top the cinders.

Naddalin scooped all the ash angels, righteous and malicious, now mixed and tightened the led, that now is sitting disturbingly on the floor, as all of them gazed at it think the worst, like all of them, could rise from the ashes at any point, and they did- they did; defiling the memory of what was noble- they somehow used their ashes to resume life in the dark world- now all five were at large.

Sick cold reminders of what the original Dark Lord, standing before them, that has become yet once more- Lord to all, defeated just to rise once more, said Emmah, ‘look though, I have the hart she took it was stolen from a little girl a girl

named, Lily years ago, to make her the Lord reaper the last time around.'

Emmah- 'So-o now as payback, I have that heart sitting in a jar on my desk- like a humorous reward if only to me for my eyes being gauged out of the head as a young girl, it like me claiming a victory, yet nevertheless, also now tainted, besmirched and tarnished, by the reclaims of power by Mazel we all have suffered- over the fact that this heart was once pure, I lost sight and reclaimed, and all of us violated, mind-body, and spirit.'

The army of Demise Eaters, still looking for bodies to claim. And the attacks of power continued. Then once

more fighting- of linked up beams, seven to five, thunderous sticks, of bolts of energy, stock them, and then back, along with cast spells names.

Then as fast as it started it ended…

Mazel and their girls attempted lives, FAILED! The lives, that they have stolen… just to have an existence, like Neveah… now bobbing with a thing muscled neck in a backlight glowing avocado vessels.

Yes, all lives of young fallen angel girls, that end too soon, that was never-ever theirs for the taking in the first

place, now soulless, just petrified corpses- sullied- dishonored- eyes wide open dazed- braindead expressions, mumbling gibberish, lost with no minds- as karma, and lost to other with minds now more than they all around- like Nevaeh.

Ricocheting in a way of everything, they wished on their enemies, and number one adversary- Nevaeh. Hitherto, comical as everyone's mind around was whipped to forget the tragedy.

Now hopefully, locked in this room their souls will stay as fallen ash, which is off-limits to all… forever in the restricted sections of the castle.

Up till now, Naddalin with the remembering's of Nevaeh in her head knew it was only a matter of time before, she and her four girls would be back- with a fiery vengeance, as fallen angels in this world or worse on Earth looking for girls' minds, and bodies to take over and down.

The Amzel mother and the girls- their head began to swell under the pressures to its previous proportions again- as if they would not freaking die- yet looked as if they were liquefying; thick black hair like tentacles, were sprouting from them wiping around evil, snacks wrapped there body, alike wildly pentagrams growing on their chests, just

four disembodied head now we're sitting on their chins- jabbering on the floor- mindless muttering nothings- with deep black perishing eyes… then- evil scrams came from them all, as black gunk gushed from their mouth, like asphalt grand geyser- reverting mixers of life they had coming out of them, spiders and maggots devouring them as they turn to mush.

‘Nevaeh- the voice coming through and out, Naddalin’s body of their mouth said, they look no different to me now as they did then and doing the same thing spewing grossness… and taking a river of ignorance.’

Then the- Demise Devourer struggled to get up again; but even as they watched- in shock and awe, their mouths open- during the life out of Naddalin and the seven girls, even more, the war was over, they were nothing to what they just went through, ‘It’s Time,’ said Emmah in a stunned voice. ‘Time…’’

She called out the spell to wipe them all away…

The- Demise Guzzler shook their ugly head again as they were also fading away like a flicker, then the dust settled, and the sun rays began glowing in the room through the arch windows and the reminders of the castle; a spell said once

more by Emmah, to clean the air around. All seven were shaken, frightened, scared, afraid, fearful, and terrified now in a group hug; just trying to clear their thoughts more…

but before they- could pull themselves together the room began to break and crumble around them, sound like gunshots- and blowing bangs,

‘Ha- back to babyhood once more… funny it comes around, and everybody gets a turn,’ said Nevaeh, in the body of Naddalin, holding up her one finger as she said the statement of karma.

There was a shout from a room nearby- many slain and moving on to lower levels of the underworld, they could not be saved, all like deaths, and friends these girls have gotten used to, then a crash and a scream. It was ‘JINGER?’ A long shard of the crystal was through her still- hart, killing her off in a final way, the soul lost…

Naddalin yelled, turning quickly from the- atrocious transformation that took place before them.’

‘JILL? DANNA?’ ’Naddalin!’ Emmah screamed their names.

The- Demise Guzzler the profuse arms flailed dangerously in all directions, had pulled the head up and they were all looking down into the jar of ashes, now once more ash angels that have disintegrated. The was entirely strange, the tiny baby head's they became bawling loudly while, as the simmering in the ash, crumbling parts of the walls and the overhead roof just missing Naddalin just like the hexes and curses coming from their word of mouth, who had ducked.

Emmah raised her wand, but to the astonishment, wonder, bewilderment, and phenomenon, Naddalin grabbed her arm saying-

Naddalin- ‘You can’t hurt a baby!’ It was said contemptuously.

Emmah- ‘Oh, yes- but I can!’

Naddalin could hear more, footsteps growing louder from the- Hall of Insight, and knew, too late, that she- ought not to have shouted and given away their location. There was no time to argue Emmah then and there- pointed, and they were obliviated, hopefully out of there and everybody lives for the rest of time. ‘Come on!’ She- said, as they started to run off, halls to tight to fly, along with barely light.

Come on let us just leaving the- ugly baby-headed, for the Demise Guzzler staggering behind, was all seven of the girls, that had Naddalin's back all along, they-they took off up the Shawna Parker part of the Hall of Books- Named for the sycophant professor, you know what I, you, and us- like we do not care… all the girls said she was just nasty! She passed- finally a long time ago, like 300 years back.

…A heavy wooden door, that stood open at the the-other end was pitch black and had them all uneasy as if something were leaking and asking and drawing them towards it as if it had

something to say in that part of the- room, leading back into the black hallway.

Emmah said- ‘Look here, I found this old dirty- handwritten book here- has not been touched in about 100 years- that looks as if it just feels from the shelves, of a girl, that said she was taken over, mind body and soul- yes, by a girl, that was a ghost called Lucy, or so she calls her self- Lucy- yet she was- ‘mm-hum…’ (and the girls pointed to the one they thought.)

-And-

…When within her head…

‘Like- like, um, there is no name on it,’ It was Nevaeh coming thought, the body of Naddalin when said, in a whisper.

Up till now, she was the demon in masquerade as a little girl- that was run over by a train- remember that? All done so there would trust then she would take over a mind, this story here reviles the truth- it was her all along!

(The girls in chat chitchatting)

‘What was that girl's name…? I remember her, don’t you?’

‘…And them too.’ Said Naddalin, with the creepy undertones of Naveah

higher up voice over the same both out of the mouth, of Naddalin.

Just before Emmah said Look, they had run halfway towards it when Naddalin saw through the- open door, glowing in an orb and then wiping on to the page Emmah readout perceptibly.

Then two more Demise Devourers were running towards the- back black room towards them and they were sucked up into the pages of the book; swirling as they left this part of their world, in a porthole- of emotion into year another lower dimension; then that of the one they were at that given moment in time and space.

The book filtered up and snapped shut, and then disappeared into thin air, then just after that- she and the girls burst instead into a small, dark, disorganized office- that was no longer used and slammed the- door behind them, saying along with thinking about how bizarre everything, that happened was…

Emmah began to say ‘Collo, to move back to the main parts of the castle-,’ but before she would- could complete the- spell the- hardback book reappeared and then opened beside- two Demise Devourers had come hurtling out inside the room they were standing in, ready to attack them.

The cover had changed- the dust jacket was gone forever, and the pages were more yellow, it was not the same book at all like one was tossed out for the other to be entered in this world when opened the pages streamed with a glowing beam of light. Then with a cry of triumph, both yelled- out of Naddalin's mouth, saying 'this is the lost book that you have written,' the story of your life- Nevaeh, (yes, yes- it is- she was thrilled yet terrified of her own words at this point, she whispered repeatedly.)

'It's all in black and white, now what they did- don't you understand!' said Emmah, along with saying 'they were

hiding within the text to keep their memories of them alive- for the moment that just took place.'

Naveah alleged, so in a way by me saying- their names within my story, I keep them locked in there all those years to hunt me in the afterlife, over the fact I gave them power over me and my lives.

'IMPEDIMENTA!' Naddalin said, locking the names out and blacking them over within the text of the book forever with black bars of censorship when in the book, locking their soul out to all that see or read their names.

‘Wishful thinking,’ said Naveah in the mind of Naddalin, they always find a way, I am sure like this is not the only place they have memories missing- to keep their soul, to come back to attack me, for no resigning what-so-ever…

‘What did you do to piss them off?’ Said, Neville.

Read this book, and do not ask me dumb questions, scared Nevaeh out of Naddalin’s mouth, whom after many lifespans was sick of hearing this inquiry- of why.

‘Hey, it's been lost for years, now how would I be able?’ She squealed, back.

Yeah, I forgot, that is why others do not get me now, I forgot, seems to be the story of my life, made to forget, or said too.

Naddalin, Emmah, and Neville were all knocked backward off their feet. Neville was thrown over a desk and disappeared, at that point. Emmah smashed into the bookcase, that was holding all the books under the first initial- N and was promptly swamped in a cascade of heavy books.

‘Your initial scare me at this point’ said Emmah, being 3 N’s looking like 3 sixes’ in a row like the marked, you now have them as N. N. N. and, as if

manifested by evil, Nevaeh spoke up and said ‘in a way I am- and was and live to tell the tale, of being mark by the devil’s, offering herself. Then not long after that thought, she said, ‘I think you're overworking your mind thinking of conspiracy theories, and being over superstitious.’’

The- back of Naddalin’s head slammed and started to exploit only the blood she has, moving her hair she saw the scar there, magically- like the change to the same making of three N’s… into the- body of Neveah, this marking was also copied, the pain was felt, as both cry, from the feelings of it cutting in the skin

for the lower leaves up the underworld below, as if done by them, as more revenge.' The wall behind her, tiny lights burst in front of the eyes, orbs of them, and for a moment she- was too dizzy and bewildered to react, to them looking her in the eyes in a time of her being feeble.

'WE'VE GOT HER!' The transparent orbs, that were glowing and floating in the air said.

Emmah- 'Oh, no but you don't.' … And before they could say any more, she slapped a book closed hard till thing in the room jingled, locking them into it, forever; once more dreaming… She yelled

as more Demise Devourer neared Naddalin, brought on by the attack.

‘Ciosilen!’ Cried Emmah, making the book burst into flame, and the- voice within screamed, as they felt the heat of hell licking their soul, or what was left of them. Then it was extinguished, and the pain of them stop along with the Posttraumatic- stress disorder attacks, on their minds.

‘Just another part of them sold.’ Said Nevaeh within Naddalin’s mind.

She continued to mouth, the- through she had into the mask looked of Naddalin blank expression- morning over

it like, as if the sands of a gaping hole were sucking in the soundings in, but no sound came out, instead of the girl within blasted out in a black tar-like liquid, then to rise as the girl we knew all those years back, she was back, in the flesh. She was alive, and more stunning than ever, 14 all over.

The two girls looked at each other more confused, dazed and muddled than ever, they came together in an embracing hug, and said, ‘it is so-o nice to finally meet you, both in tears.’

Portion

‘The next time they give me shit I am going to take this umbrella and shove it up one of their pee holes and open it.’ Naddalin said, as she looked out and saw it dumping ran outside in a pinkish hue, as the sky was graying and overcast. They both walked hand in hand out into the newfound calm and peace that was like airlifted around them, or have weights lifted, off their shoulders. ‘I don’t feel as if I have ALS anymore, I have my life back!’ Yelled Nevaeh, free from the body of another after over 100 years, lost within.

(One year has passed)

There was a came before the storm, Nevaeh was thrust aside, was all

the thoughts before off all the pain and by the following Demise Devourer. ‘Petteri ficusalus!’ Naddalin shouted as the- additional Demise Feeder raised its wand. Her arms and legs snapped together and she- fell forwards, unable to move like she was before fragile and overcome by dark feelings, now face down on to the- rug at Naddalin’s feet was the almost lifeless- Nevaeh, stiff as a board, and swallowing her tongue, and unable to move, only her eyes, could move to show there was still a mind there. ‘Well, Ha-’ Demise Feeder said, only a year of freedom, was given to this SHIT before the dark powers would reclaim victory.

-Besides-

…And she will remain victorious!

Nonetheless, the- Demise Eater had Emmah, and she had just collided with a sudden dumb movement made a slashing herself open, with her wand to the point of hemorrhaging out.

Then a streak of what looked like an elaborate flame passed right across Emmah’s chest. She would- gave a tiny – ‘Oh!’ as though of amazement, wonder, admiration, total shock, and incredulity. Then crumpled on to the- floor, where she would- lay stationary, motionless, immobile, and fully still.

Portion

Continued: 1

(Back to Nevaeh’s story)

‘So how was your first day back?’

I drop onto the couch in the girl’s room and then kick off my shoes and prop my feet up on the carved wood coffee table.

Then just close my eyes- I have unwanted thoughts and memories of everything of all things past, and sighing dramatically saying, ‘Essentially, it was a lot easier than you’d think, to be me.’

Naddalin laughs and sinks beside me. Smoothing my hair off my face when she says, ‘Then what’s with all the exhaustion, tiredness, fatigue, collapse, enervation and theatrics?’

Naddalin- I then shrug, scrunching down even lower, sinking as deep as I can into the plush, overstuffed cushions, eyes still closed as I say, ‘I don’t know. Maybe- it has something to do with the book I found. It left me feeling a little- fragmented. But then, it might have something to do with my surprise visit with- you.’

‘You read my book, didn’t you?’

Her lips trail down the length of my neck, filling my body with tingle and heart. ‘As in, the outdated way?’ I move closer, throwing my leg over her and snuggling in, eager for the almost feel of her skin.

‘Believe me, I tried to take the effortless way out and just sense it instead, but it was like I don’t know it was the weirdest experience.’ I look at her, willing her eyes to meet mine, but they remain closed as her interns' face in my hair.

‘After all these years being inside you, you are me- and I- you, and we make

one, and I love you, and need you.’ Naddalin said, to Nevaeh.

‘It was like-like the knowledge inside was too powerful to be read in that way, you know?’ It like everything that you said was me… and I fell in love with the girl in the book which was me, that was you that was and is us. That is love, that is love after all two being one.’

Nevaeh- ‘You gave me the terrible jolt of electricity- like a shock that rattled my bones when you're next to me; I feel this also…’

Naddalin- ‘You have made me even more curious- about me and what

lay just in the side, and then looking out, which is why I tried to read it the normal way, Only I didn't get very far- before I knew it all too well.'

'Just out of repetition?' She smiles- as she thought me yet now looking at me as if it were merrowed in my stare, lips at my ear, sound all too familiar. Said Naddalin.

'More like I couldn't understand it, all before making it comprehend in my mind like it was already laying within my brain.' Said Naddalin.

Nevaeh- (I shrug.)

‘It’s mostly encoded within the moral fibers of my awareness of the mind. Besides the parts that are English, well, it was like old English, to the others now but to me, it was easy to understand.

‘Antibiotic, you were to me, therapeutic like.’ Said, Nevaeh.

‘You know, like the kind you used to speak.’

‘Not to mention the print was small and it was filled with all these weird sketchers and symbols making up spells and invocations, that sort of thing. What- why are you looking at me like that?’ I

pause, sensing a major energy shift as her body grows tense…

‘What’s the name of the book?’ She asks, gazes focused on mine.

I pull away and peer at her, smiling when I see the look of pretend outrage displayed on her face.

I squint, screwing my lips to the side, trying to remember what the fancy gold lettering said. ‘The Book of-Something, that was nothing more than blah, blah, and blah-’ I shake my head, feeling more tired and fragmented than I prefer to let on, especially after seeing the concern on her face.

‘Shadows- moved creeping in the room- just out of the corners of their eyes yet both saw them, ‘Spirits of the Past’ ‘Shadow People.’’ She nods, wearing a frown. ‘The Book of Shadows. Is that it?’ ‘The Darkness Within,’ is that what you are trying to give me, as a clue, with these shadows we see?

‘This is not me donging that, maybe it's time go… I feel uneasy.’

‘So, you know it is not us, or any of them, they are all asleep at this point, so it must be spying for them, what do you think?’

I shift, arranging my body until I am fully facing her, she gaze is so serious, fixed, as though weighing something she may or may not tell me, she was still afraid to be herself with me, yet she was in love with me I knew it, and that never well stop us… Never- Ever!

‘I’m familiar, with feeling this way.’ She studies my face. ‘But only with its character. I have never had a chance to read it myself. But, ever, if it is the right time- I am thinking of it… I will.’

She at once, shakes her head, disquietly shadowing her face, with mine.

‘Together we have something, that contains some extremely powerful magic-magic that needs to be approached with the utmost caution and upkeep. The magic that definitely should not be toyed with, understand?’

‘So-o I guess you’re saying it works, for us.’ I smile, hoping to lighten the mood, but knowing I’ve failed when she doesn’t return it, it hard for me to fall… every time I do, it ends in death.’ Said Nevaeh.

‘It’s nothing like the magic we use, it’s like a sick pleasure.’

It may seem like it at first, and I suppose that when stripped down to its very essence, it does amount to the same sort of thing.

Nevaeh- ‘Nevertheless when we evoke the energy of the universe to manifest form, we call upon only the purest and brightest of light with no darkness at all.’

‘Ah, I love when your philosophy-a-pha-z…’ Whispered Naddalin.

‘Besides even though most magic surgeons or watchers are good, sometimes when people get involved in witchcraft they get in over their heads,

and wind up taking a much darker path, calling on a more malevolent force to get the job done.'

I gape, never having heard her even acknowledge a dark force before, and think we are like surgeons at our craft. It was sweet…

'Everything we do is always based either for the greater good or our good, she said, looking at me in deep thoughts of wisdom.

(Out aloud chattering of thoughts.)

'We never- ever do anything to cause any harm.'

‘Yet, why do some take all and others get none.’

‘I wouldn’t say- never- to karma coming around it well in time.’

I mumble, remembering all the time that I have beaten Emmah at her own game, or at least tried to, by letting her have her way, and now I must shout out my brain and just go with it; and let her have her way- with me, and for once stop thinking.

Naddalin- ‘It’s funny to me, that they say you don’t think when that is all you do non-stop.’ Up-cucking you- back

out to me was the best thing that has ever happen to me as a girl, that has fallen.

‘You have such a way with words, Naddalin.’ She said back to me.

‘’Petty schoolyard squabble is hardly what I’m getting at- it truly remarkable,’ yet that is all they said you could do and now look at you, you have made asses out them all, and you should ask why can you do what I have after all your education was far more superior to mine.’

She then now dismisses my thoughts, of what I said, ‘it sounds so

childish to have spite over something that was in the past.'

'What I meant was, we manipulate matter, not people. But resorting to spelling casting to get what you want-' She shakes her head. 'Well, that's a whole other game. Ask Neville and Rayne.'

I look at her, looking at all the handwriting in these notebooks beforehand, of publishing of this document, think the girl you hold the world records for the longest book, and longest manuscript, and eBook too. She looks at me with a funny little grin on her face, as I look over her pages- in awe.

Naddalin said, ‘Not bad for someone that was classed to only have a 2nd grade reading a writing ability. Now say let us see you do it, and then you think about it, and they can’t even read the synopsis on the back cover or know what synopsis means to begin with…’

Nevaeh- ‘…And the best thing about it all was it was all bullshit!’

Naddalin- ‘greed and jealousy.’

‘They are witches, you know, and that is why…’

‘Yes, maybe that is the why- of it all!’

‘Good witches…’

‘Like- of course, ones who were taught very well-though unfortunately for them, their schooling was cut a bit short.’

‘Why do you say that?’

‘They had their mind on you, and after a while, that becomes a paper trail, and it leads right back to them.’

‘But take Lily, for instance, she’s the perfect example of what can go wrong when one’s ego, greed, and insatiable need for power and revenge steer them toward the dark side.’

‘Her recent use of hypnosis is a prime example of that.’ This was all said in conversations.

She looks at me, shaking her head back and forth. ‘Please tell me you did not find the book on the restricted self- tell me how may have cheeked this thing out… (‘1’) ‘…really,’ okay now place it out on display where just anyone can get it.’

‘Well, and we all know whom that one was…’

‘Um-hm…’

Portion

She read my mind before, like- I said what I was going to. I cross my legs and shake my head, fingers tracing the

seam on her sleeve. ‘It was nothing like that,’ I say.

‘The copy was old- and she looks and said this was the first print ever- why do you think she wanted.

‘Like you don’t know…?’

‘…And I mean, really, old, the binding is falling apart, you sure you want this thing out where any girl can finger it.’

‘Sure do…’

-And-

‘…Then maybe they will finally understand.’

~*~

You know, all fragile and ancient-like it should be in a museum or something…

Your right…

‘…I know I am…’ Said Naddalin.

‘I will have scans made, and new prints for all, and have this thing in every girl’s hand in this great vast land, I am sure it will be an overnight success.’

Trust me, whoever it belongs to… at that point will no longer be a thing, it well belongs to the world. And be under glass, on the page of your liking. What page would you like?

She holds up her one hand, and the book springs to page 292, which is where it falls open as if it had something to say… and maybe it did… well, let them read that page under glass then…'

'Sure…' Nevaeh said back.

'I am sure the pluck well says more… then what is left here now…'

'Like- Like- um do not underestimate yourself, for being a wonder of our world.'

'Or did you want anyone to know about it; quite the contrary… that is why she had the first copy to understand me,

and my plan for next, and to have redemption, reclamation, and recovery.'

They went to great lengths to hide it…

Naddalin- 'I don't get it, but why…? Why? Why- do they care so much in taking you down with them…?'

…?…

'That I never get, and we may never know the- why, just like a book that seems to never end, it's just because.'

'…Until this very, the day I don't know why…'

Portion

Nevaeh- ‘But you know that can’t stop me, from asking the question until it looks, and I look, and they look stupid.’

‘I don’t remember the why or the because, or the who what and when, really anymore, so how do they, let it go- it's rotting, this grudge they have over me… let it go- already.’

Naddalin- ‘Over us… at this point remember, I was you… and you were me… we made one, now as two… always two but all ways one, and that makes to main girls the same, yet still two different girls, yet not- this is insane.’

Therefore… Sometimes we have a tough time following it all, some things were lost, and some were gained.

I grin, hoping she will smile too, but she gazes remains unchanged, worried eyes staring right into mine.

‘Who do you think is going to read it first?

Lina or Apryl?’ She asks, along with saying, ‘they are about the only ones, that can read and would want to take on a challenge like this…’ Ha- using their names so casually you would think they were friends.

‘Does it matter?’ I shrug.

‘…No.’

‘Not to me either…’

Portion

She studies me a moment longer, then averts her gaze, to the room and the others that were looking at us that we did not see, being so caught up in each other.

Mind-wandering to some long-ago place, somewhere I have never been, yet was there all along it was lost in her thoughts.

‘So-o is that it, then, you love me for my mind- and I- you?’

‘Yes, I think so-o.’

A brief encounter with the Book of Fake Hero's, and you're all tuckered out?'

'You think their fake hero's…'

If you ask me, it is a book to live your life by, like a Bible, if you well, an anthem to all young ladies.' She says, returning to me.

'Tuckered…?' I ask; I lift a brow saying that- and shake my head. Her odd choice of words never fails to amuse me.

'Too dated…?' Her lips curve into a grin.

'There was a little one.' Without delay, I nod, laughing along with her.

‘You shouldn’t make fun of the elderly. What are you now like a hundred and five?’

‘Quite… don’t be rude!’

‘…Don’t you think, you’re forgetting that I am so much older than you?’ She playfully wedges me under the chin, saying age is just a number.

‘Quite…’

I nod with my head, quieted, calmed, hushed, silenced, and fall silent by the feel of her fingers straying over my cheek, and then down my neck, all the way to my chest.

We rest our heads against the cushions and gaze at each other said the others looking at the two lover braids…

At that moment, her hands moving nimbly, deftly, making their way over my clothes, both of us wishing it could lead to something more, but figured out to be content with what that could mean… like, would the world end if…? It would be like loving oneself.

‘Then again, I was told all my life that was A-Okay- so-o why not.’

‘Like what could happen?’

Then she murmurs and undertones, pressing her lips to my skin,

the ever-present blanket hovering between us, also magical.

She pulls away holding on to the small crystal necklace around her neck- saying, ‘can I have this?’

‘I love these kinds of jewels!’ Said, Naddalin.

‘Here you can have mine…’ Said, Nevaeh.

This crystal is as old as me, then there were features reorganized into her, glowing in it, as she told me to gaze into the side of it- lost found memories, to remember them, and keep them safe.

‘Relax. It is not like she was looking for a reading or anything, with mine- but mine did the same… yet it was showing the story of my life before she was ever in it. Said Naddalin.

‘Or at least she did not seem to be, unhappy with what she got.’ I was not with mine… it showed her authoring this long story. That did not need to read yet knew off by heart… showing all the work, truly unbelievable.

‘Look at what she did?’ Naddalin, keep saying that over and over.

Emmah looked a little jealous, with a look on her face that exhibited,

displayed, and presented all that fact, that she was ever so-o envious.

Nevaeh- ‘Naddalin, I guess, this show your loved ones, and that one that was everything to you also.’

‘Yes.’

I lift my shoulders, inching my fingers under the hem of her shirt, then touching and having the sensations of her smooth expanse of skin, and wishing I could crawl under there too, and feel everything that is her.

(Chatting)

‘It was weird seeing her alone though. You know, without Emmah or

Mireille, she still likes you and cannot and it is eating at her more than you will ever know.

‘I think your right, it like death, to love someone and not be able over any reasoning, in this case, it would be like me taking my own that I have razed, and saying that okay, and now with you, I am still at odds.’

~*~

Nevaeh- ‘It’s like she was a different person-all shy and awkward, completely transformed, thanks to me.’ In a way she reminds me of me, more of a child to me than my own was, she was all

for her daddy and had no time for me what-so-ever, yet that was Jaylynn.'

'I feel childish and foolish to be doing this… don't you, it not like I am a kid anymore…'

Naddalin- '…Neither am I.'

Portion

'You think she likes me at all now?'

After all these years she still will not forgive me…

'Who- love…'

'My child, and her to so both were right in your head.'

Her fingers trace the line of my collarbone, her touch so warm, so perfect, barely dimmed by the covering over us both, as the fire was a-glow, sparking, cracking, and with embers. I shrug, burying my face in the shallow V of her shirt. Just inhaling her warm sweet fragrant scent.

‘You’re my other half, I can trust you.’ Said Nevaeh.

~*~

Strongminded to ignore the way my stomach just dipped when she spoke to me. Having no idea what it means or why I should care if Emmah likes

Naddalin and was there first but preferring to push it away nonetheless.

‘Why?’

Why, do you think I should warn her, to stay away? It is not like I own her or anything. I was thinking far too much in my mind, now clear and quiet for once, it was odd not having voices in my head, or hearing the soft murmurs of chatter always, that could not be turned off.

‘You know, tell her what she likes?’

My lips pushing into the hollow at the base of her neck, right next to the cord that holds her amulet.

She then shifts, rearranging her limbs, pulling away as Emmah in the background utters.

‘If she is as gifted as you say, then she should be able to read her energy and see for herself, that she is going to kill her for her place, or the other way around, you are both the same, at this point- don’t you see?’

‘Only one of you can live, to keep the other, alive- right? So, I will back down and let you too to it.’ Said Emmah.

She gazes at me, voices vigilant, unhurried, overly controlled in a way I am not used to. ‘Above and beyond that, do

we even know what she’s like? Or are they all just altered memories of memories?

From what you have described, we only know her under the influence of Nevaeh and the influences of Naddalin, how can we be sure you are you.

She may be quite nice on her own, yet she was never going to be a girl, like how did this happen?’

Nevaeh starts to babble, in her explanations, over defeating them, said Nevaeh, you are not losing anyone by us being two you are gaining a new friend

for life, trust me, and she held out her hand to her.

I squint, trying to imagine a nicer version of Naddalin whom I love with all my life and even gave up mine for hers, but unable to get there, in the spilled thought.

‘But still,’ I say. ‘Naddalin has a habit of falling for all the wrong girls and-’ I stop, meeting her gaze and sense that things have taken a definite turn for the worse, though I’ve no idea why.

Even I was no good for her as you can see… squalled Emmah.

‘You know what? Never mind all that… times change, and so do we, I thank you for everything you have done for me what more can I say or do for you? Said Nevaeh.

‘It’s uninteresting and stupid and not worth our time, to hold chips on our shoulders, don’t be like them this world is too lovely for so much hate. Fallen or not we, all have unity here, let us not fight, I am sick and tired of that.’ Said Naddalin.

Let us talk about something else, okay?’ I lean toward her, aiming my lips toward the edge of her jaw, expecting the smooth nurtures there of her face.

‘Let us talk about something that has nothing to do with everything like life and living past it, and everything that has taken place to live past.

The twins are here- look at them over there waving at us, they met up with Haven and it was a delightful moment. Lots of tears and hugs and catching-up and cheering by the others, yet I still find it all to be so said.

It was said- by others, they both could not live without their sister- it was a double suicide… at the same time- they found them hang in their room face to face stark-naked, and limp, by their mother.

-And-

…And still, kids making fun of the hanging dead on the internet, it was only less than a one-half hour ago, look at them mocking their memory- in their high school- just think about it, in they would have been seniors this year, or about to graduate.

‘So much about the American dream.’ Said Naddalin.

‘The way the world is right now could you say that they may be better off.’ Said Monique Malone, a girl over color, that we know yet do not, not that over her skin color, and with some that are an

issue, with us over the fact we do not know her at all, or too many new girls at this point, over trying to exist.

‘Even in the afterlife, you have something dumb as race, making hate.’ Said the girl sweetly, and shyly.

‘This is why, like- I always felt ugly, and was given the education of that of pre-k in life over this skin that I still have, don’t punish me for it.’ Monique said.

‘Sorry to hear that…’ Whispered Nevaeh, saying it with empathy.

‘…Yet don’t you have somewhere to be.’ Said, Kimberly Grant.

And she runs off, discouraged, depressed, blue, and dispirited, in a world that is magical.

Hey, you shit-head, come here, said Nevaeh, yes you come here, she makes an inching index finger moment; and screams, an inch from her nose- ‘F*UCK YOU!’ Only moments pass… ‘You’re here in the same way she is, understands…!!!’

And then, the room went quiet…

The only thing you could hear was the blinking of some of the girl’s lashes rubbing together, over their eyes closing.

‘Well, that was the show for today's people… so-o…’ Said Emmah.

Nevaeh- Hoping she was more amused than offended by that, she looks at her new girlfriend, and they both get lost in each other’s eyes.

‘Something that doesn’t make me feel quite so old and boring, is you.’ And she taps her on the tip of her nose.

Portion

‘Are you saying you’re bored?’ She looks at me, eyes wide, horrified.

‘Like- like how can you say that nothing is boring about you or the life

that you had.’ Alleged Naddalin, in her words.

I lift my shoulders and scrunch my face, wishing I could pretend otherwise, but also not wanting to lie. ‘A little.’ Yet, I nod, this moment was perfect.

Emmah- ‘I mean, I’m sorry to say it, but the whole cuddling on the divan while the kids sleep upstairs…’ I shake my head and walk away.

‘It’s one thing when you’re babysitting, but it’s a little creepy when the kids are essentially yours, to still be in love with you, and can’t see why that well

never-ever work. Said, Nevaeh, to Naddalin, who has raised, Emmah.

I mean, I know we're still altering and all-but-well-I guess what I'm trying to say is, it's starting to feel like a rut, over hurting others.'

Naddalin- I peer at her, lips pressed tightly together, hesitant, shy, uncertain, along with cautious, and timid, how she will take that, yet love the taste, of the kiss, the feel- the sensations, the cute why of her being ever-so-o playful.

Nevaeh- 'You know how to get out of a furrow, don't you?'

She jumps to her feet so summarily she is a shiny, dark blur, grabbing a camera to keep the moment lost in time, even if that was impossible.

‘Photos are such a joke to me anymore…’ Whispered Naddalin. There not everlasting… are they, so why take them if we have eternity, and everlasting memories?

‘…To remember the good times?’

(The shutter camera clicks, something that I brought in to the afterlife going back an apparition.)

‘Black and white, of course… nevertheless, you have not changed.’ Said Naddalin.

I shake my head, recognizing that look in her eye from where we first met. Way back when things were fun, exciting, unpredictable, random, erratic, and impulsive in every way.

Naddalin- ‘The only escape is to break free.’ She laughs, grasping my hand, and leading me away, to her room.

Portion

The memory of it was whipped out of my mind or I would have thought about it, all along, my Granddaughter

would have fought all of this for me, even though that would not be right of me to ask her off, I know that she would have my back, in the other life she was a war hero.

‘I’ll find her and let her know.’ Said Naddalin panting as she rolls over, out of breath in Naveah bed, in her chambers of the castle.

‘Now let us rest, okay…’ they lay side by side.

I follow her through the galley and down all the steps, speculating where she could be taking me since a nice trip to School can be had from the couch, just by

looking back into my mind that was her mind.

‘What about the twins and the third that looks the same too?’ I whisper. ‘What if they wake and find we’re not here?’ The three of them- triplets are still chatting with Haven, they never did get any sleep, did they.

‘None…,’ said Nevaeh.

Naddalin shrugs, leading me around to all her favorite spots and glancing over her shoulder as she says, ‘No worries, everyone else they’re sleeping soundly, and all we need to do is be sneaky, and have some fun for a

change. Besides, I have a feeling they'll stay that way for a while.'

'…And did you have anything to do with that?' I ask, remembering the time she put the entire student body to sleep-including the administrators and teacher- and I am still not sure how she did it.

She laughs and opens my door, beckoning for me to get in. Nonetheless, I shake my head and stand my ground, saying, 'what if… what if…'

'Come on,' she said, dragging me like by the hand.

She looks at me for a moment, then shakes her head and closes her eyes, brows merging as she manifests, to take me outside, and into the dark woods, always forbidden, yet magical at night, just like the one I all the odd animals making sounds and doing magical things.

Nonetheless, I shake my head again, not need a new brand of fun when the old one will do, and life really needs to slow down some, and it was not long ago she was not even here… it is like she needs to run and be free, and she was dragging me.

So, I close my eyes and wish it away, replacing it with a replica of the

shiny girl she was back when she was young letting her have her way, and her memories back, and to share them with me.

‘It was many points taken with me.’ She nods, waving me in with a mischievous grin, as she ran through tall grasses that seemed to glow, and pulsated, throbbed, and beat to very steepness.

She falls, then I next… we lay there… only moments… it felt. Then the next thing I know we are racing down the pathway and onto the street of the town, slowing just enough for the gate to open, and bang- as we run in a blur of speed, to

all the look down at us from the French verandas and- stone- style homes and rooms windows in a warm soft glow; street lanterns flickering…

I gaze at her, trying to peer into her mind and see just where we are going, but she just giggles, deliberately establishing- her psychic shield, strongminded to surprise me.

She glances at me as she navigates down the road at near-record speeds with me and said- ‘let us take off for the sky,’ and we did hand in hand.

‘Whatever it takes to get you back in the back to the castle, in one

piece, after all, she is kind of a wild child.’ Said Naddalin.

I smile, having listened to the story (many times) of her time spent back home learning inspirational meditation right alongside Lily who betrayed her, and I already know her whole life’s story, yet she loves telling it; and she does it so-o well.

It was a long story, yet I love hearing it over I love her. After taking the flight, it was not long before it was time to be back then greeted by Enola and Eveline, standing on the ground, where they landed and had their feet touch ground.

If I had demonstrated correctly that they were happy to see up it was not morning, and the sun had come up, and the girls were starting to rise as well.

‘How am I ever going to adapt to the twenty-second century if you’re determined to keep me rooted in the past?’

Nevaeh, she laughs…

Saying ‘well history repeats itself…’

Naddalin- ‘I was kind of hoping you wouldn’t adapt, to me as well as you did, I know that you still have feelings for her, and the one before, and she too.’ I

mumble, gazing out the window at a blur of darkness depleting to soft light.

‘Change is overrated- or at least your more recent changes are.’ Squalled Naddalin.

It seems to me that you liked me more when I was just the girl in your head, why the change…

Naddalin- ‘It’s real now- and scary,’ she said back.

Nevaeh- ‘So, what are you saying, I am boring?’

Naddalin- ‘No that you’re wearing me out.’ Along with saying, ‘You’re a keeper, that’s for sure.’

I turn toward her, watching as she exits the room and makes a series of sharp turns before climbing the steps out to the main hallways, a very steep ramp, and fades out to shadows in the soft light.

Beforehand stopping in front of a huge limestone sculpture of her, saying God, is that what I look like, shaking my head, they captured my likeness- didn't they.'

'Umm,' is all Naddalin said.

Nevaeh continued to bounce down the hallway… and you could hear her hill click.

'What's the hell?'

I squint, knowing I am not alone, I feel something at the back of my neck, and even touch me. Hitherto nothing was there, from the look I gave I was frightened; feeling uneasy to exactly where I was as if disoriented.

She smiles now running back to me, slamming on her on the break with her feet until she is on her tippy toes, jumping out of nowhere to open my door.

‘Where have you been, and why did you follow me?’ Asked Nevaeh to Naddalin.

I shake my head and avoid her gaze. Walking now down all the art on the

wall of girls of the past like a museum it is about the last place I expected- or even wanted to go, yet it was nice to hear even more story to explain an already long story of- I do not care.

Come on, there are things to do, and things to see, do not lie around here.

‘But- isn’t the time or everything to be closed, or closing down for the night?’ Along with saying harshly- ‘I am- pooped girl, you’re wearing me out!’

I glance around, sensing we are the only ones here, other than the armed guards who are positioned inside.

‘You don’t need anyone to have fun you got me and I have you!’ Said Nevaeh.

‘Close the door and let me get a nap!’ Said Naddalin even more grumpy.

She looks at me and shakes her head; ‘you think I’m going to let something or something as routine as them saying we can’t stop us from doing what we want?’

‘Guards, and be told to not do so, has been a pain in my butt all my life, so-o.’

‘‘So-o!’ ‘So, I am not going to stand for it, any longer.’’

‘Come on!’

She slips her arm around me and leads me up and out of the room and my feet are shuffling on the stone steps, lips at my ear when she adds me to look around, yet I can barely keep my eyes open.

Nevaeh- ‘You know there is no rest for the fallen and the dead!’

Nevaeh- ‘I know an art center, not your first choice, but trust me, I’m about to prove a particularly good point, why I think it something worth seeing. One that, from what you just said, clearly needs illustrating.’

‘You’ll be happy to see this…’

‘I don’t want to go; I want to sleep!!!’

‘What, come on!’

~*~

They walk in and it was nothing but Naddalin childhood artwork displayed.

~*~

‘You did all this for me didn’t you…?’ Asked Naddalin.

‘Yeap!’ Said Nevaeh.

Nevaeh- ‘Over one hundred of your art-peace's.’

Naddalin- ‘Oh, my God, thank you!’ She said hugging her.

‘…You know more about art than I do?’ Said Naddalin.

‘That is why I did this, I always thought you were so good.’

She stops, her face serious when she says, ‘I’m going to prove, that this world really needs to know who you are with this artwork.

Nevaeh- ‘Go on… walk around this is your playground.’

‘Whatever we want them to be, that is the message your work well gives them, and at any time, you have the right

to change these to what is in your mind's eye, and magically they will start to animate, and tell the story you want them too.'

-And then-

'…And then… like they well see a story too in their mind, and it will be added too… to the artwork painting itself out for them to their perspective, also in their style or medium they wish.'

There is no need to ever feel bored or to get into a rut once you understand that the normal rules no longer apply- to you or us… or at least not for us, and even some we choose. Just like

this artwork, it always changes making it perfect now for our minds and theirs.

We can do anything we want, everything, anything at all, you and I like. And you are what I needed most true love to end this hex.

Locked, unlocked, open, closed, unwelcome- welcome, none of it matters, we do what we want when we want. There's nothing or no one who can stop you and me.'

With me, you have the world… Said Nevaeh.

'Yet you own me?' Whispered Naddalin.

‘Like at one time you owned me…’ Held Nevaeh.

‘I own you!’

Portion

Not entirely true, I think, ruminating on the very thing we have never been able to do in the past four hundred years, which, of course, is the one thing I want us to do.

Nonetheless, she just smiles, kissing me on the forehead before grasping my hand, leading me to the door as she says, ‘Besides, there is a show- a play in the town theatres, that I am dying to see, and since there’s no crowd it

shouldn’t take long. And I promise, after, we can go wherever you want.’

‘Even sleep yet thank you for everything.’ Said Naddalin.

I for one gaze at the magnificent locking door rigged with the most technological alarms, in our world, that are rigged to other computerized alarms, that are surely rigged to a machine gun-wielding guards, with their fingers already itching to fire… to the point you are at last death, just itching to press the trigger, to feel the evil of on more kill; sick how some in this mysterious world have become over- HER.

‘Even in death and in this peaceful mysterious, dark, and cagy world there is corruption.’ Said Naddalin.

‘I know that all too well, yet, I will take care of it all soon.’ Said Nevaeh. ‘Sooner than later…’ she said.

Then at that very moment, she cast her wand made a chant and a spell over the land and all the neighboring towns, to put an end to all the heat, on others, and to bring back a feeling of love, to all even in a murky world.

‘Heck, there’s probably a hidden camera trained on us now, even though every eye looking at us is the same way-

others seeing into you like never before, seeing into us, and having no privacy what-so-ever…'

(Paranoia) is the life all these girls and the towns around here feel…

'I'm going to change all that!' She said in a muttering tone.

'Good for you for being so-o strong.' Said Naddalin to Nevaeh.

Nevaeh- '…And I amuse there is a horse draw guard carnage somewhere, is racing towards us now, with ready to push the panic button guardsmen ready to attack; for you and me, wanting to have

a clear mind, and turn our minds off to the world.'

'It is so peaceful not to have the humming chatter of nonentity running through your head always- I know they mean well, yet there needs to be a mute, to everything personal.'

'Don't you think?'

'I do.' Though Naddalin back, who were still sharing minds at this point, yet only their minds.

This is the first thing I am going to have written back into law, is 'The Peace-of-Mind Act.'

‘Are you seriously going to try and break everything in one night?’

I gulp- palms damp, hand on my still heart that should be clattering against my chest, wanting to feel. I was hoping she has lighthearted even though she is not at all.

‘No,’ she whispers, closing her eyes and urging me to close mine. ‘I’m not going to try, I’m going to succeed, you just witch me. You just need to start believing in yourself, and even I have had moments where I was completely disloyal to myself.

And if you do not mind, you could help me along the way with this plan by standing by me, and together you can make me even stronger, every step along the way. Now close your eyes and following my lead, you will see everything laid out before you in the darkness, yet you get the whole picture in your mind, and you see it all.'

Naddalin- 'It's wonderful how you want to help, all of them even when they did want to stand behind you.' Along with saying 'I ask why?'

~*~

Leaning even nearer to me- Nevaeh, Naddalin’s lips at my ear when she adds, I am there for you every step of the way.

‘And I the ability, no one gets caught, hurt, or imprisoned. I mean this- ‘cross my heart, or I well dye for the last time- I swear to you and them- and they too.’’

I peer at her, declaring that someone who is lived for 100 hundred years has survived her share of predicaments. That she had life all figured out.

Then I take a deep breath and plummet in. Copying the series of steps, she envisages until the doors spring open, the feelers turn off, and the guards all fall into a long deep sleep. And the order is replacing with a long-lasting came, to all of freedom.

‘I have done it their all free, form the feeling of wicked, malevolent, sinful, malicious, criminal, and evil!’

‘ELSE… Else at least I hope it is long and deep. Long and deep would be good, they feel something… something that I have made them feel…’ Said Nevaeh.

‘You have completely lost your mind… she said shaking her head.’

‘Ready…?’ She stares at me, lips curving into a grin.

I hesitate, hands shaking, eyes scurrying, thinking that rut we were in is starting to look good, to what she has planned to take over this world.

‘You’re planning on being the most powerful magician- angel and girl-wizard to ever live ant’ you?’

At that moment, I swallow hard and step with her into the porthole to another time- and place- as she has made a change for the best, recoiling me into it,

as my elastic sole meet hers, and was pulled out of time, even more, she took me to a place where there is polished stone floor, resulting in the most high-pitched, screechy, cringe-worthy sound, of fallen girls at work, and a world where the towns are free to clean and contented.

‘What do you ponder?’ She says, faces enthusiastic, keen, fervent, and excited, hoping I am enjoying myself as much as her.

‘Ah-ha, so now I’ll have to kill you if I want to become this powerful, won't I?’ She said, in a malicious voice.’

There were just staring eyes looking at her… Nevaeh did not say or make a sound.

‘I considered taking you to school and making you in charge of everything, as I make my climb to fame, and take over the Bureau of magic, and take the head office, and Marva.’

Naddalin- ‘Well you have earned it!’

Naddalin- ‘I… best- not joke, then.’ She said moments after.

Nevaeh- ‘You were joking right?’

Naddalin- ‘You’ll never- ever know’ As she takes her arm around her back.

‘I love your sarcasm.’ She mumbles.

But then again, I figured that is exactly what you would do, I expect it, I did. Said Naddalin.

‘So, I decided to show you the magic as it should be, working for me for a change, I am staying right here and you can look after Earth as a replacement for becoming what I longed for all along- beloved.’

I- Naddalin look at her new headquarters, and I nod, still about as far from excited I am that I could be yet trying to hide it. Scoping out the ginormous room with its tall ceilings, glass windows, and a plethora of corridors and halls, which makes it incredibly bright and welcoming in the daytime, I know that we would never be spending time together and like all, before me, I am being used for the allotment goal here power.

The day passes, and I am left to be by myself until nightfall as she is lost in work- work- work; it was the creepiest of nights the kind that nightmares are

made of, I was lost to the eeriness of having nothing but the sound silence, quiet, stillness in my head, and it was almost deafening, and given me the feeling of vertigo. She has done it, even get her new white robes of wizardry, gray wings behind tipped the blood of the fallen in red beside rubies or red too, the rob and her covered in suitable gems of wealth and allotment power.

Portion

(A year has passed)

‘Come- in,’ Naddalin is said in a strong- yet mind driven why, of trite.

Naddalin, she nods, heading for the round desk in the center, with a chair facing out the windows, rocking.

Then, she said is… ‘This reminds me of being home when I was becoming an older woman, looking out over my land, and pathway and the town of in the fare distance’s, only lit by path lanterns. Do you believe that history repeats?’

‘The place is huge, and I have not seen you in a year…’ She said with concern and wonder, alike.

‘You have not been here before…?’ She said with a quiver in her voice and tune. Then with moments of lost

in thoughts, like someone that was in pandemonium, of delirium or Requiem.'

She spins around- 'Sh-h' she said having her index finger over my lip.'

'Nevaeh!'

...?...

She looked at me all color drained from her eyes, 'What has happened to you?'

...?...

There were no sounds...